

connected with it. Our spirits were often far better in rough weather than on glittering days of clear weather, with only a slight breeze or a calm and a brilliant aurora borealis at night.

With the drift we had reason to be well satisfied, especially in January and the first week in February. During that time we drifted all the way from the 48th to the 25th degree of longitude, while our latitude kept steady—about $84^{\circ} 50'$. The best drift we had was from January 28th to February 3d, when there was a constant stiff breeze blowing from the east, which on Sunday, February 2d, increased to a speed of 58 feet 6 inches to 69 feet a second, or even more during squalls. This was, however, the only real gale during the whole of our voyage. On Saturday, February 1st, we passed the longitude of Vardö, and celebrated the occasion by some festivities in the evening. On February 15th we were in $84^{\circ} 20'$ north latitude and $23^{\circ} 28'$ east longitude, and we now drifted some distance back, so that on February 29th we were in 27° east longitude. Afterwards the drift westward was very slow, but it was better towards the south, so that on May 16th we were at $83^{\circ} 45'$ north latitude and $12^{\circ} 50'$ east longitude.

The drift gave occasion to many bets, especially when it was good, and spirits proportionately high. One day at the end of January, when the line showed that we were drifting briskly in the right direction, Henriksen found his voice and said: "We have never made a bet before, captain; suppose we make a bet now as to how far south we have got." "All right," I said, and we accordingly made a bet of a ration of salmon, I that we were not south of $84^{\circ} 40'$, or between $40'$ and $41'$, and he said we were between $36'$ and $37'$. Scott-Hansen then took an observation, and found that Henriksen had lost. The latitude was $84^{\circ} 40.2'$.

Since the last bird of passage left us we had nowhere seen a single living creature, right up to February 28th. Not even a bear had been seen during our many rambles on the ice.

At 6 A.M. Pettersen came rushing into the cabin, and told me that he saw two bears near the ship. I hurried up on deck, but it was still so dark that I could not at once get sight of them,